

The Evening Herald.

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Telephones 167 and 188.

THUS DO OUR IDOLS.

Today is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. We have always thought considerable of Lincoln. We have seen in way of deuding ourselves that he was a great big rugged, courageous, plain manly, hard-fisted and rawboned American with a backbone of reinforced concrete—and one of the greatest men in the whole march of history.

Our hero worship, however, has been abruptly terminated. The plot has turned over. The California Progressives have let it out that after his election as president Mr. Lincoln accepted from the Illinois Central Railway the courtesy of a pass from Springfield to Washington.

According to the picturesque Gen. Garrison Gray Ott, this made of Abraham Lincoln a satrap of predatory wealth and a slave of capitalism. The Los Angeles Times pays its respects, in this regard, to Messrs. E. Dana Johnson, et al., in the following fascinating language: "the good old language of the good old school which we sadly thought was passing."

"When Lincoln in his young manhood was developing those qualities which afterwards made him mighty among the mightiest rulers of the nations of earth, Holy, He, according to the Darwinian theory, must have been a grasshopper poised upon the edge of a locomotive tender, trying to kick the train into a ditch. When Chet Bowell was a gluttonous and conceited polyp clinging to the hope or an office and saying to the rest of the crew 'my motto is stick and snub,' when one-sent Tompkins Earl was the son of a flea which afterward was hatched to grow up and sting and hop and sting, Lincoln was marshaling armies and directing the destinies of the republic."

"Lincoln has gone to his place among the immortals. But, verily, still live to bethit his achievements and insult the members of the Grand Old Party who remain faithful to his principles."

THE PASSING OF THE PHOS-PECTOR.

The prospector is not making new discoveries in old districts and few new discoveries in new territory because he thinks it is fully to open up a new prospect until an old one is sold. He sees properties with 1,000 feet or more of useful development making what he considers a good showing and warranting vigorous continued development, go year after year without opportunity to make so sale, says a writer in the Engineering and Mining Journal. He observes that the owners, because of poverty or discouragement, resort whenever possible to a house and bond to men without capital or other assets, in order to avoid expenditure for annual assessment work. These houses, in order to make beans and bacon, "pick the eyes out of the mine" to make shipping ore, which upon the termination of the bond leaves it less valuable than at first. The prospector is because of these discouragements, losing faith in man though not in nature. His faith in nature is steadfast and enduring but he has been taught by experience that under present conditions there is an overproduction of well developed prospects—"near mines"—and until a bona fide mine occurs now and then he will only half heartedly work his claims and will make but fitful efforts to find new ones.

It is manifestly absurd for any one man to decide from personal observation that there is an exhaustion of the easily discoverable ore bodies in the western states. It would take him more than 20 years to visit the 149 mining districts of the 14 states, devoting only a week to a district.

THE DAY OF THE CREAM CAN.

The station platforms are lined with cream cans nowadays, says a Herald correspondent writing from La Landa, New Mexico, in the eastern plains country. There's a good deal of significance in that little item. Not many years ago a cream can was unknown in the trade to that part of the state—except the condensed cream can. A station platform lined with cream cans means cream; cream means cream in the cans and taste. That fresh in the cans is be-

ing shipped somewhere; when it is shipped name is added to return.

There is nothing so strikingly indicative of the "way things have changed over in the plains districts as cream cans—on the station platform

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NOT BAD FOR HER FIRST GAME.

A young man took a young woman friend to a ball game for the first time and in his superior knowledge asked her, after the first inning was over, if there was anything about the game she would like to have explained.

"Just one thing," said the sweet young creature. "I wish you would explain how that rheumatic bush-league fellow in the box ever gets the ball over the plate without the aid of an express wagon."

And in the silence that followed all that could be heard was the faint chattering of the young man's Adam's apple working feverishly up and down.

JUSTLY DUE.

The proposal to install a memorial tablet in honor of the late Solomon Luna in the beautiful new Valencia County court house at Los Lunas is one that will meet with the immediate approval of the people of New Mexico. It is particularly appropriate that such a memorial should occupy a place in the home town of Mr. Luna, and that all the people who wish may have a share in it. It is but a simple recognition of the eminent services of the deceased to his state and his party and a tribute to a character of sterling simplicity and worth. There is no better place for this memorial than in the little town where Mr. Luna's kindly personality was best known and appreciated by those who came in contact with him in everyday life.

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The National Chamber of Commerce declares that the death knell of lobbying has been sounded. They sound that knell every once in a while. Our conviction is that attempts will be made to influence legislation as long as there are legislators and as long as there are laws which someone wants and someone doesn't want.

There are two imports which the present tariff overlooks, and which are coming to this country free of duty. One is the hookworm, which is said to be coming from the Orient and the other is the billion hogs, the ladies which are coming direct from Paris.

Man was three feet shorter, 200,000 years ago, than he is today, judging from the alleged discovery of a pygmy skeleton in the wild mosaics of Los Angeles. But then the cost of living was at least three feet lower in those days.

Secretary Bryan continues to bark like a dog in his peace nest. Persia has completed the trio by joining England and Switzerland. With the pug, the bear and the equator our secretary of state will soon be able to establish a brand new constellation.

ELECTRIC SPARKS

Wireless makes it possible to signal moving trains.

The Khedive of Egypt is to have a gasoline train.

Several churches in the west are heated with electricity.

An electric burglar alarm has been adapted for the chicken coop.

The postal post is using electric delivery trucks in many of the large cities.

There are nearly a thousand electric ranges in use in the city of Winona.

Electric wheel chairs will be in service at the Panama-Pacific exposition.

Telephones are displaying telephone systems on several important railroads.

Electric bathtubs are rapidly replacing hand and gas irons in English tailor shops.

The electrical equipment of a modern hotel requires about 20 motors aggregating 165 horsepower.

The largest coal mine in the world at Nukonski, Ill., wheels 1,000 tons of coal are taken out every hour, is entirely operated by electricity.

Atherton, Kansas, has a cooking device of five cents a kilowatt for those who want to install electric cooking devices in their homes.

A new hydro-electric power plant has been opened and placed in service in Utah where energy is generated for Salt Lake City. 105 miles away.

Electricity is now extensively used to harvest ice from rivers and ponds. The electric motors drive the ice harvesting machinery, trim the cakes, and elevate them to the ice houses.

An electrical apparatus for washing smoke has been perfected to reduce cities of the "smoke nuisance." The smoke is driven by fans through a sheet of water which washes out the soot and cinders.

Stockdale Farm, near Joliet, Ill., has contracted for forty-two electrical horse power. The electric motor will be used for grinding feed, for pumping water and for sheep shearing, replacing three gasoline engines.

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JABS In the Solar Plexus.

IT IS WHISPERED that J. Ham Lewis is somewhat perturbed with London and Paris on account of the recent craze for dying the hair blue.

A BOYARD for an Oliver.

I shot an arrow in the air.

It fell to earth. I know not where;

Up when it struck—this is my myth—

I'll let it strike someone named Smith.

E. A. Oliver, in Yonkers Statesman.

I threw a brickbat in the air.

I knew 'twould drop, I didn't care;

And when it struck—both loud and hard—

I'll let it hit some poor devil.

W. H. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I buried some coffee grounds in the air.

They fell—I knew darn well just where;

From language hard and intense—

I dropped them over my neighbor's fence.

—

JUST BECAUSE a woman says she likes another woman's hat is no sign she would wear the horrid thing.

Even Harder.

He had a heart as hard as stone,

This villainous old gent;

Perhaps we better say as hard

As re-enforced cement.

ONE WONDERS if Vilta is as mad

that bandit Castillo as he thinks he is.

—

CALIFORNIA is about to get a pen-

it factory—you simply can't prevent that state from packing her mark.

IF ROCKEFELLER decides to pay that \$12,000,000 tax he may have to give up one of his automobiles.

—

COPIES MISSING.

From the Washington Herald.

Press reports say Anna Held lost a bargain the other day. If she doesn't get another one the police may stop her show.

—

A DISPATCH says a baby was brought by parcels post 50 miles at an expense of 18 cents. This is said to be much cheaper than the old-fashioned stock method of transportation.

—

THOSE who have curiously watched the job being pecked at Colonel Doethals scoff at the notion that the office never seeks the man.

—

THE INTREPID. The vast Arctic EXPLORER might encompass him about as he stumbled blindly, shambly, numbly, dubbly and numbly through the Eternal Snow.

It was forty feet deep on the level it was.

He had staggered four hundred miles in the freezing darkness of the polar waste that night. Fierce beset by savage polar bears, immense wolves with silvery jaws, and with the temperature seventy-five degrees below zero and falling fast, he had struggled on, while his companions fell one by one and were torn to pieces by the wild beasts.

Three hundred miles more to make before daybreak," he muttered incoherently into his frozen whiskers, the glare of madness in his eyes.

—

I guess I won't make it though he sighed, looking at the clock, which indicated 8:30 a.m. So he wound the clock, put out the candle, blew out the gas and went to bed.

Since 1:40 he had been reading "Leisure Pastimes" North of The Frozen Land of Duckfoot.

—

THERE is no doubt that the lady who fled the damage suit against the Oklahoma senator is after GORE,

—

NOW IF THOSE short-sighted authors of the currency law had only arranged for 15,000 regional banks instead of 17 there might have been some chance of satisfying folks.

—

OUR MOST celebrated manufacturer of breakfast foods has retired to his California estate, suffering with nerves. But think of the folks who have eaten his breakfast foods.

—

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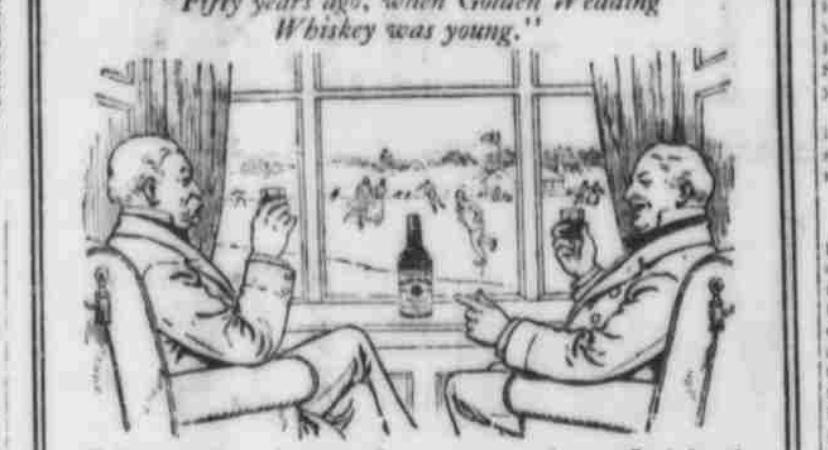
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"Fifty years ago, when Golden Wedding Whiskey was young."

IF you've been skating or just finished some outdoor winter recreation, how rested and satisfied you feel after you have taken a little nip of good, old, reviving

Golden Wedding WHISKEY.

Bottled in Bond

WHISKEY

Full Quart

Stamp

—

Aged in the wood and distilled according to a special formula under strict government supervision.

The truth is, there's a great difference in whiskies. Some are warming, soothing and a real tonic to the nerves and system. Others have just a fleeting, undesirable effect. They do not seem to "reach the spot."

The beauty about Golden Wedding is that it "reaches the spot." It is